

NO. 16

Main Street. | **L.B. RINGOLD,** | Mt. Sterling, Ky.

Then advertise in the ADVOCATE.
It will be certain to find you a purchaser.

FAIR MT. STERLING.

The Gate City Looks East to God's
Grand Mountains and West to
the Bluegrass.

As Seen By W. J. Lampton, the
Correspondent of the Cou-
rier Journal.

He Says, "Twixt the Bluegrass and the Knobs It Is
Snugly Situated—It Puts On 'Big City' Aims and
Has Good Grounds For Doing So.

ITS HEALTH, WEALTH, SOCIETY AND GEN-
ERAL CONDITIONS OF THE AL TYPE
—A BACHELOR'S HAVEN."

A TALE WELL TOLD.

Standing with expectant feet,
Where the Knobs and Bluegrass meet,
Fair Mt. Sterling, fixed between,
Hopes one day to reign as Queen.

The fact of the business is that the Mt. Sterling people, looking to the west over the Bluegrass, and to the east over the Knobs, have an idea that their town is already boss of the whole shabang, and a few lines of poetry, similar to the above, will only make them smile and point the finger of scorn at the poet. They talk that way anyhow, and they have a hustling spirit which may yet surmount the insurmountable.

Mt. Sterling, or, as Historian Collins calls it, Mountstirling, is the county seat of Montgomery county, and Montgomery county is one of the half-way counties, that is to say, when you are there you are half-way to the Bluegrass and half-way to the Knobs.

Montgomery, the twenty-second in the order of counties, was formed out of Clark in 1796, and since that time portions of it have been grafted onto eighteen other counties, so that what is left of it is "little, but oh my." It was named in honor of Gen. Richard Montgomery, who was killed at the battle of Quebec in 1775.

Mt. Sterling became a town in 1792, and was named, according to Mr. Collins, from Mr. Stirling, who owned the land on which it was built, but according to good local authority, it was called Mount, because it was near Little Mountain, the site of "Estill's Defeat," and Sterling, because an old Scotsman, who was present at the time of its birth, wanted to do honor to his native town of Stirling, and nobody knew that that Stirling spelled its name with an i. The reader may take his choice.

The town, I beg pardon, the city, contains a population of 5,000, though several authorities intimated to me that it was 8,000, and one man whom I asked answered in an enigmatical and insolent manner, like a Chicago man: "Oh, I reckon about 12,000 or 15,000." Right here you may set it down that there is nothing small about Mt. Sterling.

Of its population, nobody could say how much was colored, for the gentle gerrymander has got most of that element outside of the city limits so as not to cluster up the polling places at election times. This is a wise precaution in communities where the vote is close.

The public school is housed in a handsome new building costing \$18,000 and commandingly situated. The principal is Mrs. Nannie Hibler, at a salary of \$75 a month, with eight assistants at \$50 and \$40 a month, and 706 scholars enrolled. In addition to this school is another to accommodate the 1,500 white residents of the outskirts. Its principal is Miss Burroughs, with three assistants.

The colored schools have 731 pupils enrolled. J. S. Estill is the principal, with eight assistants, at an average

salary of \$50 each.

The private school flourishes in its pristine glory; besides the smaller schools, there are the Kentucky Training School for Boys, with Major Fowler as principal; the Harris Institute and Emerson Institute for Girls, and Goodwin's High School for Boys. Education simply grows on the trees in Mt. Sterling.

The sects are well represented in church buildings, but there isn't a really handsome church in the town. Several of them have mostly gone to steeple. The Presbyterians (N and S.) have two churches, one, the First, a quaint old structure, will have reached its hundredth year in 1895; the Christians, Baptists, Methodists, Episcopalians and Catholics have one each. The Catholic is the best building of that denomination I have yet seen. The Methodists have the best looking church, the Christians the most expensive (\$16,000), and the Christians are the most numerous and the richest, notwithstanding we have it that a rich man cannot enter the Kingdom of heaven. Pastoral salaries range from \$1,000 to \$1,800 per annum, and the Christians, Methodists and Episcopalians own their own parsonages, but Episcopalians rent theirs, as they are not able to maintain a pastor regularly.

The colored people have three churches, Baptist, Methodist and Christian, the latter two of brick, and the Methodist church, which has recently had \$2,000 spent on it in improvements, is the most attractive looking church building of them all. Financially speaking, all the Mt. Sterling churches are out of debt.

The city government is conducted by a Mayor (Adam Baum), at a salary of \$100 a year, and eight Councilmen at \$50 a year each.

And here a word for the Mayor. He was born in Germany, an unusual thing for a man who holds office in Kentucky; he is a Democrat, an unusual thing for a German; he is rich, which is not usual for his thrifty people; and he began his career as a merchant in Mt. Sterling with a pack on his back. It is men like Mayor Baum we need in Kentucky, and his career is an example to every young fellow now growing up in the State.

The Chief of Police is C. T. Wilson, with \$600 a year and fees, and he has four men of \$50 a month each, with an extra dollar for every arrest made, and there are several made during the course of a year, for Mt. Sterling is like the little girl we read of in the poem:

"When she is good, she is very good, indeed,
But when she is bad, she is horrid."

Of course, Mt. Sterling never is "horrid," but that's the way the poem goes.

The Police Judge is Ben R. Turner, at \$900 a year and fees, and the City Attorney is H. Clay McKee at \$900. The reader will observe that Bro. McKee parts his name in the middle; his hair is parted that way also, but

he doesn't do it.

The city tax is seventy-five cents, with thirty cents additional for schools, and the county and State amount to \$1, which gives Mt. Sterling the lead of her sister towns on taxes, but it will be less after this year, so they told me.

The Fire Department consists of two fine steam engines with volunteer companies and a chief (J. L. Conroy). The men are paid when on duty.

Speaking of Fire Departments reminds me of water works, and Mt. Sterling just at present is laying for somebody with a club on the water works question. The works were to have been in operation by the 25th of October, but that date passed without them. As the field now stands the water is to come from Hinkston river, quite near town, where there is a seven-acre reservoir with a twenty-five acre reservoir in reserve, as it were; a stand-pipe, to be 125 feet high has its foundation on the hill near town, and the city will take seventy-five plugs at \$50 each for the first fifty and \$40 for all additional.

At present the city's water supply comes from cisterns, more than from wells. I mean by that, the people have got onto the fact that well water is not the kind of water to drink, and they have made cisterns for themselves, and every town in the State ought to go and do likewise before typhoid fever becomes a permanent resident in its midst, so to speak.

The Montgomery County Court House has the blue ribbon on good looks. It stands high to itself, and as it was finished only in 1890, it has all the modern conveniences, including

replace one burned during the war in one of the districts that occurred in the town. I pre-sume it is hardly necessary for me to state that there is a clock in the tower. The material in the building is pressed brick and stone.

The jail and jailer's residence are just across the street from the Court House. The residence part cost \$8,000 and the jail cost \$12,000. It is of Roman freestone, and has a wall around it that Joshua couldn't blow down with forty blasts on his ram's horn.

Mt. Sterling is rich in lawyers, though the lawyers may not be rich.



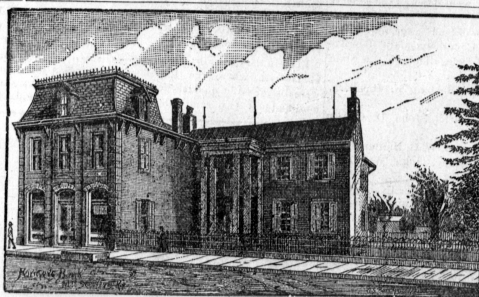
PUBLIC GRADED SCHOOL BUILDING.

In Mt. Sterling, and a careful census shows that there are forty at the Montgomery county bar. Think of a town of 5,000 people with forty lawyers! Can any other town in the State make such a showing? Still stranger, they all make a living at it, and seem to be pretty well satisfied. The cause of this is that they practice over most of the mountain counties to the east, and have plenty to do. The oldest attorney is Judge B. J. Peters, ex-Chief Justice, and on the bench for sixteen years, who at eighty-nine goes to his office every day. He is the oldest practicing attorney in the State.

There is no Y. M. C. A. in town, though there used to be and ought to be now. Why it made an assignment I was not informed.

There is an Associated Charities, which does a great deal of good in a quiet way. Its President is Wm. Mitchell, one time President of the late Farmers Bank, and now a poor man. Mr. Mitchell's charities were unostentatious but extensive, and he gave to the deserving as much as \$45,000.

There is in Mt. Sterling what is not in most towns of this section, to-wit: a city building, in which the City Court



FARMERS' BANK.

fire-proof vaults and a handsome court-room. The remarkable part of it is that it only cost \$26,000—that is, it only cost the county that much. What it cost the contractor has never been stated. Builders say such a structure could not be erected for less than \$60,000. This Court House was built to replace one, too small for the business, which was built in 1865 to

and possibly in the entire country. The health of the town is reported good, although there are fifteen white and two colored doctors, a larger showing than any other town I have investigated.

Out on the hill, to the east, is the cemetery, owned by the Old Fellows, and called Macphelah. From its highest point, looking toward the rising

sun, is presented what I should say was the finest scenic display in Central Kentucky. A beautiful, rolling country dotted with groves and green fields stretches away for ten miles or more, and rising on the sky line like a hedge of misty, hazy blue that shuts it in are the foothills of the great mountains, which lie beyond and extend eastward for two hundred miles.

In the cemetery are many fine monuments, the finest being that to Judge Richard Reid, costing \$6,000. On the grave of Benjamin Robertson is the marble figure of his favorite dog, "Pory."

One of the distinguished citizens who showed me over the grounds, told me the name of the cemetery was "McPhelah," and was of Irish descent, and when I told him I thought it was "biblical and morose 'doubting,'" he looked serious and remarked: "Of course, of course; ain't Dabbling the capital of Ireland?" and then I had to say more to say, but I hope he will look the matter up in Genesis' P. S.—Genesis is a book in the Bible.

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is the librarian.

Among the lodges are the Masons, Odd Fellows, K. of P. and the Y. M. I., a Catholic organization. The Odd Fellows own their own building, and the Masons built themselves a temple costing \$32,000, but somehow they over-financed themselves and could not retain possession of it.

The business houses are on Main and Mayeville streets, and they are the best business houses I have seen outside of the large cities. Not content with brick, these merchants have built handsome stone-front houses that are worthy of a place anywhere. The Tyler & Apperson four-story stone front leads the list. It cost \$30,000, has steam heat and electric light and will have an elevator when the water works are completed. Then there are the buildings of Drake & Bigstaff, Odd Fellows, Baum, T. P. Martin, the building occupied by Sutton & Smith, and the Masonic Temple. The stone is a light gray from Rowan county, and cost about what brick does. At least, when they were made any on all to the hotel the brick gave out and they finished it in massive stone that looks like a fortress, but it only shows from the back.



TYLER-APPERTON BLOCK.

The business streets, Main and Mayeville, are sixty and fifty feet feet wide, and when the visitor walks from the station to Main street he is greeted with a city small that not one small town in a thousand has. It is an indescribable sort of an order, but it smells of commerce and trade, and any one who has ever been in the narrow streets of a great commercial city will recognize it at once. Be that what it is, Mt. Sterling has a big wholesale trade with the mountains, and has had for years. There are four wholesale groceries, one grocery and whiskey and two which do considerable juggling in dry goods and drugs. One of these houses has a large inventory, sold as much as \$500,000 worth in one year. I may add here that more of the wealthy men have made their money merchandising than in any other Bluegrass town. The town grows over its trade, too, and promises itself great things for the future.

The manufacturing interests are represented by an ice plant, two planing mills, a hogsheld factory, two flour mills, a woolen mill, two machine shops, two carriage factories, a steam laundry, and the Newmarket



RESIDENCE T. K. BARNES.

distillery with a capacity of 200 barrels a day, enough to keep the police busy for two hundred years, if it kept going all the time.

Gas and electricity are the illuminants, but the city uses no gas on the streets. The people use it at \$2.50 a thousand and 20 per cent. discount if paid promptly. The city has \$2,000 a year for its arc and incandescent lights, both of which are required to light up the burg the way they want it lighted.

There is one hotel, and from a brief inspection I should say it was above the average. In any event, it is so far superior to what the town had once before when I visited it, that it may safely say it is first-class.

There are three banks, one national, with a combined capital of \$350,000, and they are doing a lot better than some banks have done in the same neighborhood.

The residences are good and substantial, without being elegant and elaborate. The best of them run along in cost from \$10,000 to \$15,000.

PERSONAL MENTION.

Richard Punch was in Lexington Sunday.

Mr. Howard Anderson spent Sunday in Owensville.

The Y. M. C. A. will entertain at their rooms to-morrow evening.

Miss Anna Johnson is the guest of Miss Macie White, of Paris.

Mrs. Elisha Robinson and family visited in Lexington last week.

R. M. Borbridge and N. R. Ratliff spent Sunday in Sharpsburg.

Misses Maggie Holleran and Julia Walsh spent Sunday in Lexington.

Little Earl Ford is visiting his grandfather, J. J. Jones near Sharpsburg.

Mrs. C. W. Nesbitt and Miss Lala Lane spent from Friday to Sunday in Lexington.

Robt. Winn continues quite sick but is improving and hopes to be out very soon.

Miss Lide Burroughs returned Saturday from Louisville and reports her sister much better.

Miss Annie Ott, of Ironton, O., is visiting Misses Cora Kelly and Agnes Walsh in the city.

Col. W. LaRue Thomas of Mayville is in the city visiting his friend Judge H. R. French.

F. Schwaniger, of Richmond, is in the city on business. Mr. Schwaniger's many friends were glad to see him.

Mr. D. C. Jones returned to his home in Kansas last week, after several months stay with relatives here.

Mrs. T. B. Rodman, of Frankfort, returned home Saturday after a visit to her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Lindsay.

Mrs. Margaret K. Chensault and Miss Margaret Woodford will go to Flemingsburg to-morrow to visit Mrs. W. G. Deering.

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Elder H. D. Clark, pastor of the Christian church at this place, left for Mayville yesterday morning, where he will engage in a meeting with the church at that place. Elder W. T. Tibbs will fill the pulpit in Brother Clark's absence on next Sunday morning.

News from the bedside of Miss Rannie Burroughs, who underwent a severe surgical operation in Louisville on Friday, is to the effect that she stood the operation well and is on the high road to recovery. Her many friends will be rejoiced to know that the prospects for an early and complete restoration to health are very bright.

In another column will be found an advertisement of Wood & Cornelison, real-estate, insurance, and building and loan agents. These gentlemen are bidding for business in this and adjoining counties and no one knows better than John C. Wool how much help the advertising columns of the Advocate is to business men. Mr. Wood was an active newspaper man and he will be in the procession with those representing his kind of business.

The election passed off quietly into Republicanism last Tuesday at Grassy Lick with the help of a few men who claimed to be Democrats, and a few Democrats, who were defeated in the last primary. There were about thirty good Democrats who did not know how to vote, they made their mark in the small square opposite Kendall's name instead of placing it under the rooster. Their intentions were good. The negroes were all well drilled they knew exactly how to place their mark.

The news from the Japanese-Chinese war is all one way. The Japs keep driving the demoralized Chinese before them. The latest report says they have captured Port Arthur a Chinese stronghold. Still another item says the United States has been appealed to by the Chinese to arbitrate the matter at issue and save this nation from utter destruction.

Mrs. David Bell died in her home in Nicholasville Sunday. Mrs. Bell was the mother of Mrs. Mary V. Young, this city.

HORSE AND TRACK.

There are now two trotters and eight pacers in the 2:05 list.

The three-year-old colt Rio Alto by Palo Alto cut his record to 2:16 at San Jose, Cal.

Lord Russell, the full brother to Maud S., 2:08 1/2, has three sons that have produced speed this year.

Age records for this year: Adbell (1), 2:23; Impetuous (2), 2:15 1/2; Onoqua (3), 2:11 1/2; Fantasy (4), 2:06.

Dancourt 2:16 1/2 by Ambassador was sold at the New York sale for \$2100. He was purchased by E. Smith, Syracuse, N. Y.

Sidney has put fourteen new ones in the 2:30 list this year. This makes fifty-two in the list of the thirteen-year-old sire.

Salisbury says that in order to become great, a horse requires three things: a great sire, a great dam, and a good man to develop him.

The results of the horse sales in New York City were more encouraging to breeders than any that have been held during the year.

It is a fact worthy of note that the two fastest sons of Onward are out of Dictator mares. They are Gazette 2:09 1/2 and Rex American 2:11 1/2.

J. T. Woodford, city, who stands at the head of saddle horse breeders in his state sold last week eleven head of mares and fillies to J. R. Oughton of Dwight, Ill. for \$1800 for the lot. This is a good price as most of the stock were yearlings and two-year-olds.

William Simpson of New York paid \$1200 for the seven-year-old brown mare Barona by Baron Wilkes, out of the dam of Axtell, at the New York sale Saturday. He also purchased the two-year-old filly Elpha by Allerton, out of the dam of Axtell. She cost him \$500.

The value of a horse depends upon what he can earn or upon how much pleasure he can give his owner. To many, speed on the road is more desirable than racing, as a lively brush is more delightful than a trip to the races, where you are apt to get beaten, and lose a few dollars at the same time.

At the sale of trotters in New York last week horses sold at good prices which shows that the market is improving. H. L. & F. D. Stout of Dubuque, Iowa sold thirty-four head at an average of \$615.50 per head. A consignment of forty-six head from Palo Alto brought \$37,480, an average of \$814.78. The closing out sale of the Ka'manzoo stud, 64 head brought \$44,605, an average per head of \$697.

James B. Riley left on Saturday night for New Orleans with a carload of trotting horses, which he will dispose of at private sale. They were owned mostly by Mr. O. P. Alford, while some of them were his own property. They were the produce of Judge Salisbury, Barney Wilkes, and Hambrino Wilkes. Mr. Riley expects to find a good market for them—Stock Farm.

When asked how it was that he kept his horses in racing condition so long each season, Monroe Salisbury said the only explanation he could give was that he kept them at it so steadily that they did not forget how. Continuing he said: "I feel better myself when the weather begins to grow cool, and I judge my horses by myself, so race them as late as the weather will permit. Most of the boys pack up and go home as soon as the nights begin to get cool."

Our horsemen should look up their fancy double teams, as we are informed there is a good demand for them in the East, and the demand seems to be on the increase. One gentleman wrote one of our horsemen that he had sold nine teams within the past two weeks and felt sure that he could sell at least fifteen more during the present month. If you can make up a fancy pair, it will justify you to do so at once—Stock Farm.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles and John Gifford, of New York visited the family of G. W. Palmer last week.

On Thursday evening at 4 o'clock, at the home of Mr. J. T. Donnovan Miss Nannie Owings and Mr. R. A. Mason will be married. Rev. J. J. Johnson officiating.

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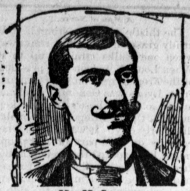
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Mr. M. Symons, Baltimore, Md.

Run Down

That Tired Feeling—Severe Headaches, No Appetite

Six Bottles of Hood's Sarsaparilla Bring Back New Life.

"C. I. Hood & Co., Lowell, Mass."

"Dear Sirs:—Before using Hood's Sarsaparilla I was frequently sick and did not know what was the matter with me. One day I would feel so tired I could hardly stand, the next I would have a severe headache and so on, not knowing what the next day would bring forth. I did not have any appetite and

Was Greatly Run Down.

I tried a good many medicines but they did me no good. Having heard a great deal about Hood's Sarsaparilla I decided to try a bottle.

I am glad to say I soon felt better. I have now used six bottles and feel as well as ever. It has been of great benefit to me as I have regained my appetite and

Now Enjoy Good Health.

I can strongly recommend Hood's Sarsaparilla as an excellent blood medicine." M. SYMONS, 855 Aqueduct Street, Baltimore, Maryland.

Hood's Pills act easily, yet promptly and efficiently, on the liver and bowels. See.

Thos. Miserable Democrats.

It is hard to take defeat. Democrats are not feeling good. They did not know they had come to the end of the lane, where there was a turn. These things must come, and are generally unexpected.

We ask our friends not to grieve, but to turn their minds to business. Read Young & Hazelrigg's advertisement and buy a suit of clothes, hat, anything in their line. They are offering bargains.

Thos. Rayburn's residence burned Saturday night. Loss total.

Last Warning.

All persons who owe Public Graded School tax District No. 1, city of Mt. Sterling, for the year 1893, are hereby notified that if the same is not paid within the month of November, 1894, I will proceed to sell property in order to make the same. I have granted all the time possible and exhausted myself in an effort to persuade the payment of this tax, and now, if it is not paid at once, I will positively sell property and make it

16-3t JAS. W. GROVES, Collector

For The Holidays.

Mrs. Kate O. Clark is adding some beautiful goods for the holidays. They will not be something to merely please the eye but will be useful and valuable. The line will be complete and there will be presents for every one.

For Sale.

A good family horse. 16-2t R. M. SMITH.

HEART DISEASE!

Fluttering, No Appetite, Cold Not Sleep, Wind on Stomach.

"For a long time I had a terrible pain at my heart, which distressed almost incessantly. I had no appetite and could not sleep. I would be compelled to sit up in bed and belch gas from my stomach until I thought that every minute would be my last. There was a feeling of oppression about my heart, and I was afraid to draw a full breath. I could not sweep a room without resting. My husband induced me to try

Dr. Miles' Heart Cure

and am happy to say it has cured me. I now have a splendid appetite and sleep well. Its effect was truly marvelous."

MRS. HARRY E. STARR, Pottsville, Pa.

Dr. Miles' Heart Cure is sold on a positive guarantee that the first bottle will benefit. All druggists sell it at 25¢ a bottle for 50¢ if it will not benefit, on receipt of price by Dr. Miles Medical Co., Elkhart, Ind.

THE PEOPLE WANT

CLOTHING, HATS, etc.

AND WANT THEM CHEAP.

THAT IS THEY WANT

A SUIT OF CLOTHES

AT A BARGAIN, and the firm that keeps the best at the closest prices is the one that holds the customers.



WE have the goods and at the prices. Ours are the best goods and none can sell cheaper. You can buy a suit, a hat or anything in our line at a BARGAIN.

Come and See Us,

YOUNG & HAZELRIGG

MAIN STREET, MT. STERLING, KY.

SHIP YOUR PRODUCE TO

KIRKPATRICK & JOHNSON

1011 Liberty St. Pittsburg, Pa.

AND YOU WILL RECEIVE

The Highest Cash Prices!

—THEY EITHER—

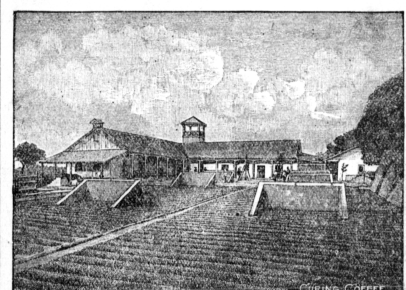
Buy Outright

OR HANDLE ON COMMISSION

Eggs, Butter, Cheese, Poultry, Apples, Potatoes, Grain, HIDES, ETC., ETC.

CAR LOTS A SPECIALTY.

SEND FOR OUR PRICE LIST.



SCENE ON A COFFEE PLANTATION

CHASE & SANBORN.

OUR COFFEES HAVE A NATIONAL REPUTATION REPRESENTING THE FINEST GROW.

SEAL BRAND COFFEE JAVA and MOCHA, surpassing all others in its richness and delicacy of flavor. Justly called The Aristocratic Coffee of America. Always packed in 1 and 2 lb. cans.

Served Exclusively at the World's Fair.

FREE. A perfect Art Album containing 24 beautiful photographs representing Tea and Coffee culture will be sent on receipt of your address.

CHASE & SANBORN, 85 & 87 BROAD ST., BOSTON.

Chiles-Thompson Grocery Co.

Sole Agents for Eastern Kentucky.

Call and see THOS. KENNEDY.

The Leading Druggist.

The best of everything at reasonable prices.

Geo. O. O. Howard has been placed on the retired list of the army.

The Republicans swept the country Tuesday. The Trusts put up the price of sugar Thursday.—Courier-Journal.

Michael Kelly, better known as "King Keli," the famous ball player, died Thursday of Pneumonia at Boston.

Dr. Talmage has again resigned charge of the Brooklyn Tabernacle. It is said he will go into the evangelistic work.

At Grayson on the night of election Louis Kitchen, aged sixty-eight years, dropped dead just as he was leaving the polls, where he had acted all day as a judge.

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The election passed off quietly into Republicanism last Tuesday at Grassy Lick with the help of a few men who claimed to be Democrats, and a few Democrats, who were defeated in the last primary. There were about thirty good Democrats who did not know how to vote, they made their mark in the small square opposite Kendall's name instead of placing it under the rooster. Their intentions were good. The negroes were all well drilled they knew exactly how to place their mark.

The news from the Japanese-Chinese war is all one way. The Japs keep driving the demoralized Chinese before them. The latest report says they have captured Port Arthur a Chinese stronghold. Still another item says the United States has been appealed to by the Chinese to arbitrate the matter at issue and save this nation from utter destruction.

Mrs. David Bell died in her home in Nicholasville Sunday. Mrs. Bell was the mother of Mrs. Mary V. Young, this city.

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AUTHORS' SLIPS.

Amusing Error That Have Been Made by Many Famous Writers.
Some one has been telling the readers of the St. Louis Globe-Democrat about the errors of which well known authors are guilty in their books—errors in history, philosophy, astronomy, geography, everything. Read what he says:

Shakespeare speaks of King John and his barons as fighting with cannon, whereas these instruments of destruction were then entirely unknown; he causes one character to mention printing 900 years before the time of Gutenberg and another to allude to striking clocks in the days of Julius Caesar; he mentions a billiard table as part of the furniture of Cleopatra's summer palace and causes Hector to quote Aristotle; he makes ridiculous blunders in geography, giving supporters to Bohemia, an inland country, and speaking of Delphos as an island.

In a popular novel of recent date the author decided to kill his victim with consumption and then gave him all the symptoms of pneumonia. Wilkie Collins avoided blunders of this kind by a curiously practical method. When he wished to use sickness as a means of promoting the plot of his story, he interviewed the family physician on the subject.

The "Count of Monte Christo" is full of slips that could have occurred only through the author's forgetfulness. The fortune with which he endows his hero is enormous, being about \$4,000,000 to begin with, and after years of the most reckless expenditure, after money has been scattered with both hands and in lavish prodigal fashion, the author assures his readers in calm forgetfulness of the amount with which he started the count on his career that the remainder is upward of \$10,000,000.

Thackeray, who was exceedingly anxious to get everything right, was perpetually getting everything wrong. Any reader who takes the pains to examine critically the works of the great English satirist will find innumerable blunders, arising for the most part simply from carelessness. The names mentioned, there are some times called by the name of one of the other characters, and in at least one place an important personage is called by a name from another novel. This is Philip Firmin, whom he called Clay Swenson. Nor was this his worst blunder, for in another story he killed and buried old Lady Low and later brought her again on the scene to round off a corner of the story.

George Eliot, whose knowledge of science is highly commended, in "The Mill on the Floss" makes the odd blunder of having the boat overtaken in midstream by a mass of drift floating at a more rapid rate than the frail craft, a physical impossibility.

More than one astronomer has pointed out the mistakes Charles Reade has perpetrated in astronomy and geography. He is not the only slinger in this particular. Howells sometimes makes a parade of his knowledge and in one place in "Silas Lapham" alludes to the "rank and file" as synonymous with officers and men. Deane Swenson, of Pennsylvania as a frozen desert plain, a blunder that might be extenuated on the score of the ignorance prevailing in his time, and, for that matter, ever since, in England, of American matters, while Amelia B. Edwards, in "Hans and Gretchen," mentions "an overcoast on a Massachusetts cotton plantation."

Between Grin and Weep.

The men engaged in leasing oil lands have some funny experiences. The other day one of these hustlers was taking dinner with an old granger near Bakerstown. The farmer owned a valuable tract of land, and the oil man was very anxious to secure it. He understood the owner was very pious, and the Pittsburgher guarded his conversation to give no offense.

When the meal was announced, they sat around the table, and the farmer delivered his usual lengthy prayer of thanks. A large Newfoundland dog perched himself between the old man's feet and, evidently annoyed him while he was saying grace by licking his hands. The oil man, who was impressed with the farmer's piety, almost fell off his chair when the granger, having finished grace, turned to his son and said, with some anger, "John, if you don't tie up that d—d dog, I will kill it!"—Pittsburgh Dispatch.

Belgium Shopkeepers.

Belgium shopkeepers generally are dealers in miscellaneous goods. One man in a small way, for instance, sells beer, foreign staves, fruit, cotton, biscuits, penknives, cheese and second-hand hair. Everywhere one finds a mania for glaring lights. One evening, when I was out, I saw a tremendous light in the distance, and I thought it must surely be an advertisement for a new kind of hair. When I got nearer, I found that the light merely conveyed the intelligence that sardines were sold on the premises.—Family Magazine.

HE WANTED INFORMATION.

And the Butcher Heard His Story and Supplied His Needs.
"Is raw beef good for a black eye?" he asked as he entered a butcher shop on Michigan avenue.

"Is he accounted a good thing," replied the butcher. "Take off the handkerchief and let me see. Phew! but you got a hard one, didn't you?" "I was unconscious for 10 minutes after the fellow hit me. Gained about four pounds of raw material."

"You don't want over a pound at once. A fellow hit you, eh?"

"He did. He just hauled off and drew in his breath and jumped on the blow. I thought I had been struck by a thunderbolt. Cut the meat purty thick."

"I suppose you were talking politics?" queried the butcher as he sharpened his knife.

"No, sir—never talk politics."

"But you had a dispute?"

"No, sir—never dispute. If a man don't believe as I do, I let him believe as he wants to."

"Maybe you called him a liar?" persisted the butcher as he cut at the meat.

"No, sir—never called a man a liar in my life. Better make that two pounds. You see, I was down to the depot to see a friend, and I met a man with yaller eyes. Ever see a man with yaller eyes, same as a cat's?"

"I don't think I ever did."

"Nor I either. Struck me as rather curious. I spoke to a fellow about it, and he said it also struck him as rather curious. A fellow with cat's eyes ought to be able to see in the dark, hadn't he?"

"I should think so."

"So should I. I spoke to another fellow about it, and he said he should think so too. If I could see in the dark, you wouldn't get mad about it, would you?"

"Of course not."

"Neither would I. I spoke to another fellow about it, and he said he would neither. If you'd bin there, would you have asked the yaller eyed man if he could see in the dark?"

"Why, yes, I think so."

"Thank you, I thought I was the only fool in Michigan, and it consoles me to find a partner! I put the question to him, and the depot, and a warehouse, and a warehouse all hit me in the eye at once, and when I recovered consciousness yaller eyes had departed on the train. Better make that 10 pounds, for I can feel my whole head aching, and I'll be off clear down to the chin!"—Detroit Free Press.

French "Bulls."

The number of phrases of the class which we call "Irish bulls," but which are found in polite works not written by Irishmen, is very large indeed. A novel which was recently given to me by a French lady, and which possessed of unusual merit contained a sentence of which the following is a translation:

"It was midnight. A man who lay in ambush listened to their conversation, but suddenly a dense, dark cloud passed in front of the moon and prevented him from hearing more."

Here is another phrase, written in the French of a master of French criticism, "It was one of those duels in which one of the blades literally buries itself in the heart of the other."

A criticism in a French journal upon a dramatic performance lately dealt with these words, which are worthy of Sir Boyle Roche:

"Monsieur Judic's talent is like the fish on a road by the sea. Beware of thrusting the scalpel into it, for if you do there will remain naught but a piece of ashes at the bottom of the alembic."

Another French journal in speaking of the results of certain false reports declared:

"This is the handwork of evil tongues, manipulated by cruel hands!" Youth's Companion.

The Flying Turk.

In Knolles' "History of the Turks" there is an eloquent account of a flying man, whose feat was part of the amusement provided for the visit of the Turkish sultan to the Greek emperor in 1147. He was to fly a furlong from the top of a high tower, on which he appeared in a long and light white garment in many plaits devised for the gathering of the wind.

He hovered on the battlement, unwilling to venture into the unbalanced element, and not until the immense throng of spectators grew impatient and began to roar, "Fly, Turk," did he take flight. Instead of mounting short he came tumbling down and broke every bone in his body. During the 800 years that have intervened little better has been done. In Scotland a criminal condemned to death was offered by the savants of the day the alternative of trying his luck with wings from the top of Stirling castle, and he came down in perfect safety, but that again was not flying, but falling.

Who is it?

"Did you ever notice," said an observant young man, "that men as a rule run down the heels of their shoes on the outside, while women run down the heels of theirs?" He was asked to explain the reason, but said he had no reason, as he only mentioned it as being singular, with no means of explanation.—Buffalo Times.

A Man of Honor.

This thistle does not sting if it be firmly grasped. The ghost runs away when we look straight up to it. When Louis Napoleon was president of the French republic, the commandant at Lyons was General Castellane, an old soldier, whose stern rule kept in check the Red Republicans of that disorderly city. It was a time when courage on the part of the people might have spared the French nation from the long humiliation of the second empire. Unfortunately for them, the nerve was lost on the side of the man who afterward became emperor, and the Republicans could boast much, but do little.

One of the most radical and boisterous of the Republicans of Lyons was a barber, who openly boasted that he only waited for the opportunity of ridding the city of its stern commander. The general heard of the threat, and one afternoon ordered his coachman to drive to the barber's shop. Leaving his carriage, the shop took a seat in a vacant chair and desired the barber to shave him. The astonished braggart performed the operation as well as his nervousness would permit. When he had finished, the general, while paying him, quietly said:

"Monsieur, since you have not availed yourself of the opportunity to cut my throat with your razor, you would it not be well for you to refrain from uttering threats that you have not the courage to carry out?"—Pittsburgh Dispatch.

He Showed Them How.

Captain J. R. Kenly, in his "Memoirs of a Maryland Volunteer," describes with evident satisfaction a little scene in the city of Jalapa during the Mexican war. The United States troops were in garrison in the town. Everything was quiet, and the inhabitants and the soldiers were on very good terms. One day the captain noticed a soldier looking with great interest at some native masons laying brick. They were at work upon a platform elevated perhaps a dozen feet from the ground, up to which a man was carrying mortar upon his head on a square board instead of a hod.

The masons stood immediately in front of the wall they were constructing, placed each brick separately on the bed, used plumb line, square, etc., to see that each brick was correctly aligned and occupied as much time in laying half a dozen bricks as an American mechanic would use in laying a hundred.

"Captain," said the soldier, "may I go up and show those men how to work?"

"Certainly, if you are a bricklayer." He mounted the platform, one of the Mexicans gave him his trowel, and he went to work, the Mexicans looking on with the greatest interest and admiration. No doubt they profited by the lesson.

Manna.

Few know that manna is a species of gum which exudes from the ash. The true manna ash is the Fraxinus ornus. It is a beautiful tree and has much handsomer flowers than any other ash. In some parts of Italy trees are planted especially for these substances which they yield, just as in some parts of our country the sugar maple is planted for its sugar. The ash trees are tapped when about 10 years old. A transverse cut is made about one-third of the circumference of the tree, a number of these transverse cuts being made one above the other. As many as 45 cuts are frequently made in one large trunk.

In some countries where manna is collected it is used for food, and just as is the case of collecting the maple sugar, but where these cuts are made the gum runs down the trunk and hardens. The following season cuts are made above those of the previous year. After this has been three years in progress the stems are cut down and the new crop of shoots left to get matured. Sometimes, however, the stems are left standing four years before being finally cut away.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Eugenie and the Bat.

In one of the letters of the late Octave Feuillet to his wife, recently published in Paris, there is an interesting anecdote of the Empress Eugenie. At Fontainebleau one evening, while the Empress was serving tea to a party of which the author was one, a bat flew in at the window, and a gentleman promptly knocked it down with a cane. At Eugenie's request the struck creature was brought to her and laid on her desk. The empress began to fondle the bat, stroking its repulsive breast with her delicate fingers and stretching out its wings. Then she opened its mouth, thrust a straw in and blew into its lungs to reanimate it. "But the love life must in the world be less vain," says Feuillet, and concluding that he was seized the opportunity to say that "the bat, to be inescapably to such an honor, must be dead indeed."—New York World.

More Important.

First Drummer—Hang the lute! The first has sent me only one of my two checks this week.

Second Drummer—Which one did they forget? Your salary?

First Drummer—No, no, no! I left out the check for my expense account.—Somerville Journal.

BURIED SPOILS OF PIRATES.

Story of a Find Made on an Island Off the Virginia Coast.

The traditions of treasures buried by the pirates Kidd, Lafitte and Blackbeard gave a romantic interest to the Atlantic coast from Massachusetts to Georgia. Thousands of men have searched for these buried chests of gold, but there is authentic record of only two "finds," one on the New England coast, the other in Virginia. The latter case is said to have furnished Poe with the foundation of his story of the "Gold Bug." The facts are briefly these:

In the Atlantic ocean, lying off the Virginia coast, there are two or three heavily wooded islands.

One of these was the resort of Blackbeard and was called by his name—Teach. A neighboring island belonged to a century ago to a wealthy woman on the mainland. It was a wilderness, which never had been inhabited but by foxes, wild ducks and other game. A trusted old slave, Ben, was placed by her in a cabin on the beach to bring her occasionally game and fish. One day, while walking on the shore, Ben saw a yellow gleam in the sand. It came from a gold coin. He searched along the beach and found a rusty iron box, one end of which had fallen out. What was a heap of coins with crosses and silver crucifixes. The old man went to his cabin and brought an empty salt bag, which he filled with the coins. He then dragged a heap of brush over the chest to conceal it, set up a broken sapling to mark the place and started for the mainland to give the treasure to his mistress.

Tradition says that Mrs. Betty was a hard, suspicious woman, and that when the trusted old negro gave her the mass of coin her joy was equalled by her terror that he would rob her of the great treasure which had left behind. A heavy storm came for five days. It was impossible for her to make the voyage to the island in an open boat, and she would not trust Ben, nor even her brother or son, to go with her. At the end of the week the sea was calm enough for her to cross, but the sapling, the brush and the chest had disappeared. An unbroken stretch of sand covered the whole coast. Ben could not find the spot then nor ever after. His mistress, it is said, kept Ben in the search as long as she lived, aiding him herself, but in vain. Some of the gamblers who have visited the island have also searched for Mrs. Betty's chest, but it never has been found. Nothing is certain but the fact that the bag of coin was brought to her and that the touch of the gold and her suspicious and her greed made her life wretched to the end.

The poor fishermen of the coast understand the moral of her story. When any of their number grows covetous, they say that he has "rubbed his hands against Mrs. Betty's iron chest."—Cincinnati Commercial Gazette.

A New Use For the Mustache.

It appears that there are uses for the mustache after all. Travelers in Syria and Egypt find it expedient to wait until their mustaches have grown to a sufficient length to defend their mouths against the administration of the burning sands on the desert. Upon this principle some appurtenance would be of service to laborers in all dusty trades, such as millers, bakers, masons, etc., the dust being prevented by this natural respirator from finding its way into the lungs. The suppress and miners of the French army, who are remarkable for the size and beauty of their beards, enjoy a special immunity against bronchial affections. In consequence, where the organs are so constantly used as to induce ailments from overwork, as with singers, clergymen, etc., the protection of the beard and mustache is the best means to employ as preventive of such injury.—London Standard.

Daudet's Strange Admirer.

Alphonse Daudet said recently: "For the last 15 years every three months I have received a note written in pencil from the same man, who evidently is a great traveler, for his notes bear all the stamps of the world. He tells me that he trains animals, to procure my name and then let them go. When it snows, he spends his time writing 'Alphonse Daudet' with the end of his cane, and I have never been able to find out who he is."

The King of Annan's Wives.

The king of Annan has about 100 wives, who are divided into nine classes, according to the station of life in which they were born. Five of them act as his assistant personal attendants, and one of their most important duties is the care of his majesty's finger nails, which are as long as the fingers themselves.

She Hoped to Be.

"I take it that you are one of the few uneducated women," said the first passenger.

"No, not yet," was the answer.

"By the way, can you tell me whether this train goes straight through to Sioux Falls, or do I change cars?"—Cincinnati Tribune.

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BROWN'S IRON BITTERS cures Dyspepsia, Indigestion & Debility.



The sterner and more resolute phases of life are subdued and the higher qualities of friendship and love obtain on the yielding of human suffering and the restoration of health, strength and contentment. The following is calculated to assuage human passion and breed elevated thoughts and actions: H. S. Cate, merchant, North Oakland, Pa. writes: "Please send six bottles of Dr. Penner's Kidney and Backache Cure to Samuel Cate, Amesbury, Mass. It is for my mother, who would be glad to give you a strong recommendation of this medicine, as she thinks it has prolonged her life." It is equally good in all kidney diseases, female complaints, blood and skin diseases, etc. If satisfaction not given money refunded. Take home a bottle to-day

Seven Years Ministry.

[A sermon by Elder H. D. Clark, pastor of the Christian Church, Mt. Sterling, Ky., delivered November 4, 1894, the occasion being the completion of seven years of his ministry.]

Deut. xxxi: 10-13.

"Time is the narrow isthmus that connects the infinite bygone with the eternal hereafter. It is the plane of events, as space is of forms." The chief division of this "sublimity of being," are the natural divisions, into days, months and years, formed by planetary motions; and the artificial divisions, into second, minutes, hours and centuries. Besides these, there is the weekly division, which is peculiar in its relation to nature corresponds with it, and the conventional divisions are all even numbers, while this is an odd number. The fact that ancient nations so uniformly used this division points as an index to the unity of the race; and their traditions confirm what the Bible affirms concerning the days of creation.

This is known as the Revealed Division, and the number seven has special prominence in the Bible. Besides the seven days of the week, the seventh month was important; and the seventh year was the sabbatic year of release, and at the end of seven times seven years came the great year of Jubilee.

Moses, the great leader and lawgiver of Israel, commanded that every seven years the law should be read in the presence of all the people. This was a warning against all spurious or pretended revelations, and all human traditions and evolutions. This warning gathers intensity of emphasis from the apostle in the closing sentences of the book of Revelation.

Seven years ago I came to this city, and to this pulpit, and to-day the pressing question comes: Has it been a ministry true to the spirit and loyal to the teachings of this Book? It is a grave responsibility to stand before people as a teacher, and to walk before them as an example. You are the jury, and with you rests the decision, whether my preaching has been "as the oracles of God," or has supplanted and made it void by my own fancies or the theories of other men.

Since coming among you, I have officiated at 68 weddings, and had some active part in 150 funerals; many of them have been in adjacent communities. I have preached 1,135 times. These sermons were not all inflicted on your long-suffering selves. Eighteen meetings have been held, with an average of more than twenty sermons each, besides numerous occasional discourses at other places. As a result of these sermons, though, of course, the conversions were not all made by them, there have been 190 additions at home, and 137 at other places, making a total of 327 additions since my coming to the State.

As to character and scope, the aim has been to preach both doctrinal and practical sermons, to emphasize the salient features of Christian doctrine and Christian living. Although the attitude of the religious world toward our position and plea has greatly changed, there is still need of preaching on the "first principles of the doctrine of Christ." Those of us who have passed the noon of life remember a class of men, who seemed to find glory and delight in the refined and

digitized name of "Camplie the Killer." But these men, like the Indian and the buffalo, have gone west, and the species is rapidly becoming extinct. Those who would proselyte from our ranks, seek not so much the open parliament of argument and discussion, but use, instead, the tactics known among politicians as "the still hunt." Social, sentimental and artistic agencies are employed; personal prejudices are fostered, and here and there some spark of discontent is fanned to a flame.

Every great enterprise needs not only men and management, but money as well, to serve as oil on the wheels. Money contributed to maintain the church at home and spread the gospel abroad:

Paid on current expenses, \$2,000 a year.....	\$14,000
Paid for the parsonage.....	4,000
Contributed by Church and Sunday-school to Kentucky State Missions.....	2,000
Contributed by same to Foreign Mission Society.....	1,000
To General Missions and church Extension fund.....	700
Through the charity fund of the church.....	400
For furnaces, reflectors, organ, etc.....	800
In aid of Churches at Ashland, Salt Lake, et al.....	600
Contributed by C. W. B. M. for Missions.....	500
Contributions to the Bible Society.....	175
Contributed by the Y. P. S. C. E.....	130
Contributed by the Willing Workers.....	150

There have also been numerous and generous donations by individuals and members to our charitable and educational institutions. In the judgment of those most familiar with the finances and offerings of the church, \$25,000 is a modest estimate of the amount raised and expended by this congregation in the past seven years. A very pleasing feature, thanks to the fidelity and efficiency of our official board, the church has no indebtedness resting upon it.

GAINS AND LOSSES.

Three protracted meetings have been held:

One by Bro. Cobb, in 1889, additions.....	64
One by Bro. Keene, in 1892, additions.....	22
One by Bro. Parsie, in 1893, additions.....	56
At our usual Lord's Day services, 190.....	

Making a total, for 7 years of 332. Besides this numerical increase, some helpful auxiliaries have been instituted in the last few years, for the promotion of Christian activity. Of these I feel that special mention should be made of the C. W. B. M., the Y. P. S. C. E. and the Willing Workers. Each of these is a training school and a drill camp to develop a more efficient ministry for the future in all departments of church work. By means of them it is hoped that the Sunday-school and prayer meeting of the future will be an improvement on those of to-day.

One of the most pleasing and promising features of our church life, is the fact that one of the most competent and consecrated of our members has gone from home and native land to Japan, as a missionary. She has shown herself eminently fitted, and already gratifying results have attended her devoted ministry. What romance can compare with that of missions? and what heroism can compare with that of our missionaries? Would that more of our earnest young people, in planning for the coming years, would consider the claims of the ministry and the needs of the great mission fields.

If our gains have been considerable, our losses have been heavy. There have gone out from us by letters, granted and dismissed, fully seventy-five and death has claimed sixty of our number—a total of a hundred and thirty-five. Of those who have passed up into "the unseen holy," three were faithful and efficient deacons of the church; one was for many years, up to her strength, and even beyond her strength, a model of regularity and punctuality as a Sunday-school teacher; one was a hearty co-worker to the C. W. B. M., and one was a charter member and a bright ornament in the Young People's Endeavor Society. When we remember how many choice spirits have passed on to the "Heavenly Bethel," this hour might well be spent in a memorial service. Great sorrows have come to many hearts, and deep shadows have

engloomed many homes; some of the lambs have been gathered into the upper fold of the Good Shepherd; some have fallen in the full strength of manhood and womanhood, like a "strong staff broken and a beautiful rod;" and others, far along in years, have "passed up out of the old house into the new." Many of your hearts can appreciate Dr. Gordon's words: "He was called to go with a man to bury his child. At the grave the man opened the little casket, and with a sob said: 'Doctor, she was all I had.' Dr. Gordon said: 'My friend, we may lock our loved ones in the tomb, and our hearts may break, but our Savior can both open the tomb at the resurrection, and unlock for us the treasure house of heaven in our grief.' Many here have found manna for your hunger, and solace in your sorrows.

The present membership of the congregation, as indicated by the church register, is about six hundred and fifty; and now the pressing question comes: What of the future? It is said that when the work of the framers of the Constitution of the United States was done, and while the members were signing it, Dr. Franklin, looking toward the President's chair at the back of which a rising sun had been painted, said to a few members near him: "I have been told that painters often find it difficult in their art to distinguish a rising from a setting sun. I have often, in the course of the session, and the vicissitudes of my hopes and fears, as to the issue, looking at that sun behind the President's chair, been unable to tell whether this was to be a rising or a setting sun. But now at length I am happy to know that it is a rising, and not a setting sun."

What is true of nations as to growth and advancement, or decline and fall, is a so true of churches and communities. Men have asked more than once, whether that rising sun of Dr. Franklin's has not already passed the zenith, and become a setting sun. There have been times when one would have found it difficult to decide whether the future had for this church a rising or a setting sun.

Very few would have survived the severe trials this congregation has endured, without being divided or even shattered and scattered. Nor have there been lacking those who were ready to take advantage of your misfortunes. There must be some mighty power of faith, some mighty moral force of conviction and sterling loyalty to our Divine King, in the hearts and lives of these men and women. After this survey of conditions and agencies, when you know of things as they are, and then look to the future, do you see a rising or a setting sun? Is there promise and prophecy of growing and deepening power and piety, or a warning light? This is a real question. It is impossible to raise a community or a church above the average aspirations of the people. The few may lament the evil, and yearn for something better; but their efforts are thwarted by the indifferent and dead-weights. This community school and prayer meeting of the future will be an improvement on those of to-day.

One of the most pleasing and promising features of our church life, is the fact that one of the most competent and consecrated of our members has gone from home and native land to Japan, as a missionary. She has shown herself eminently fitted, and already gratifying results have attended her devoted ministry. What romance can compare with that of missions? and what heroism can compare with that of our missionaries? Would that more of our earnest young people, in planning for the coming years, would consider the claims of the ministry and the needs of the great mission fields.

If our gains have been considerable, our losses have been heavy. There have gone out from us by letters, granted and dismissed, fully seventy-five and death has claimed sixty of our number—a total of a hundred and thirty-five. Of those who have passed up into "the unseen holy," three were faithful and efficient deacons of the church; one was for many years, up to her strength, and even beyond her strength, a model of regularity and punctuality as a Sunday-school teacher; one was a hearty co-worker to the C. W. B. M., and one was a charter member and a bright ornament in the Young People's Endeavor Society. When we remember how many choice spirits have passed on to the "Heavenly Bethel," this hour might well be spent in a memorial service. Great sorrows have come to many hearts, and deep shadows have

engloomed many homes; some of the lambs have been gathered into the upper fold of the Good Shepherd; some have fallen in the full strength of manhood and womanhood, like a "strong staff broken and a beautiful rod;" and others, far along in years, have "passed up out of the old house into the new." Many of your hearts can appreciate Dr. Gordon's words: "He was called to go with a man to bury his child. At the grave the man opened the little casket, and with a sob said: 'Doctor, she was all I had.' Dr. Gordon said: 'My friend, we may lock our loved ones in the tomb, and our hearts may break, but our Savior can both open the tomb at the resurrection, and unlock for us the treasure house of heaven in our grief.' Many here have found manna for your hunger, and solace in your sorrows.

The present membership of the congregation, as indicated by the church register, is about six hundred and fifty; and now the pressing question comes: What of the future? It is said that when the work of the framers of the Constitution of the United States was done, and while the members were signing it, Dr. Franklin, looking toward the President's chair at the back of which a rising sun had been painted, said to a few members near him: "I have been told that painters often find it difficult in their art to distinguish a rising from a setting sun. I have often, in the course of the session, and the vicissitudes of my hopes and fears, as to the issue, looking at that sun behind the President's chair, been unable to tell whether this was to be a rising or a setting sun. But now at length I am happy to know that it is a rising, and not a setting sun."

to me and find rest for your souls?" deny that He said to weeping ones at the sepulchre, "I am the Resurrection and the Life?" Then, indeed, would humanly, sighing in anguish over its helplessness and hopelessness, crouch beneath the willows of some darker Kedron, or more dismal Gethsemane, and sob to death of a broken heart. Well may we sing: "In the Cross of Christ I glory;" and well may we say: "The love of Christ constraineth us."

The residents of James' Kash was burglarized Saturday evening. The thief got only a small sum of money.

Louisville & Nashville R. R. (KENTUCKY CENTRAL DIV.)

Schedule in effect Jan. 28, 1894.

South- Bound.	No. 1. Daily Express	No. 3. Daily Express	No. 5. Daily Express	No. 7. Daily Express
Lex Cincinnati.....	8 11 a m	7 55 p m	8 55 p m	8 55 p m
Lex Covington.....	8 19 a m	8 03 p m	9 03 p m	9 03 p m
Lex Falmouth.....	8 48 a m	8 32 p m	9 32 p m	9 32 p m
Lex Cincinnati.....	9 07 a m	8 51 p m	9 51 p m	9 51 p m
Lex Paris.....	11 18 a m	10 15 p m	10 15 p m	10 15 p m
Lex Lexington.....	12 10 m	10 55 p m	10 55 p m	10 55 p m

Lex Paris.....	11 35 a m	10 35 p m	6 30 p m	6 30 p m
Lex Cincinnati.....	12 10 m	10 55 p m	7 00 p m	7 00 p m
Lex Winchester.....	12 35 p m	10 55 p m	7 00 p m	7 00 p m
Lex Richmond.....	1 25 p m	11 45 p m	7 00 p m	7 00 p m
Lex Lexington.....	1 35 p m	11 45 p m	7 00 p m	7 00 p m
Lex Lexington.....	2 25 p m	1 05 a m	7 00 p m	7 00 p m
Lex Lexington.....	3 25 p m	2 05 a m	7 00 p m	7 00 p m
Lex Lexington.....	4 25 p m	3 05 a m	7 00 p m	7 00 p m
Lex Lexington.....	5 25 p m	4 05 a m	7 00 p m	7 00 p m
Lex Lexington.....	6 25 p m	5 05 a m	7 00 p m	7 00 p m
Lex Lexington.....	7 25 p m	6 05 a m	7 00 p m	7 00 p m
Lex Lexington.....	8 25 p m	7 05 a m	7 00 p m	7 00 p m
Lex Lexington.....	9 25 p m	8 05 a m	7 00 p m	7 00 p m
Lex Lexington.....	10 25 p m	9 05 a m	7 00 p m	7 00 p m
Lex Lexington.....	11 25 p m	10 05 a m	7 00 p m	7 00 p m

Lex Lexington.....	4 45 p m	3 10 a m	6 30 p m	6 30 p m
Lex Lexington.....	5 45 p m	4 10 a m	6 30 p m	6 30 p m
Lex Lexington.....	6 45 p m	5 10 a m	6 30 p m	6 30 p m
Lex Lexington.....	7 45 p m	6 10 a m	6 30 p m	6 30 p m
Lex Lexington.....	8 45 p m	7 10 a m	6 30 p m	6 30 p m
Lex Lexington.....	9 45 p m	8 10 a m	6 30 p m	6 30 p m
Lex Lexington.....	10 45 p m	9 10 a m	6 30 p m	6 30 p m
Lex Lexington.....	11 45 p m	10 10 a m	6 30 p m	6 30 p m

Lex Lexington.....	1 25 p m	11 45 p m	7 00 p m	7 00 p m
Lex Lexington.....	2 25 p m	1 05 a m	7 00 p m	7 00 p m
Lex Lexington.....	3 25 p m	2 05 a m	7 00 p m	7 00 p m
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Lex Lexington.....	7 00 a m	10 10 a m	6 30 p m	6 30 p m
Lex Lexington.....	7 30 a m	10 40 a m	6 30 p m	6 30 p m
Lex Lexington.....	8 00 a m	11 10 a m	6 30 p m	6 30 p m
Lex Lexington.....	8 30 a m	11 40 a m	6 30 p m	6 30 p m
Lex Lexington.....	9 00 a m	12 10 p m	6 30 p m	6 30 p m
Lex Lexington.....	9 30 a m	12 40 p m	6 30 p m	6 30 p m
Lex Lexington.....	10 00 a m	1 10 a m	6 30 p m	6 30 p m
Lex Lexington.....	10 30 a m	1 40 a m	6 30 p m	6 30 p m
Lex Lexington.....	11 00 a m	2 10 a m	6 30 p m	6 30 p m
Lex Lexington.....	11 30 a m	2 40 a m	6 30 p m	6 30 p m
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Lex Lexington.....	12 30 a m	3 40 a m	6 30 p m	6 30 p m
Lex Lexington.....	1 00 a m	4 10 a m	6 30 p m	6 30 p m
Lex Lexington.....	1 30 a m	4 40 a m	6 30 p m	6 30 p m
Lex Lexington.....	2 00 a m	5 10 a m	6 30 p m	6 30 p m
Lex Lexington.....	2 30 a m	5 40 a m	6 30 p m	6 30 p m
Lex Lexington.....	3 00 a m	6 10 a m	6 30 p m	6 30 p m
Lex Lexington.....	3 30 a m	6 40 a m	6 30 p m	6 30 p m
Lex Lexington.....	4 00 a m	7 10 a m	6 30 p m	6 30 p m
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Lex Lexington.....	6 30 a m	9 40 a m	6 30 p m	6 30 p m
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Lex Lexington.....	12 30 a m	3 40 a m	6 30 p m	6 30 p m
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